

## PUNK AND BUNK.

By Roy L. McCardell.



PUNK and Bunk were the sons of Smug, cousins of Do and Dull. Punk talked platitudes all the day and aided Bunk to gull mankind with the good old games of graft in vogue since time began; and they wore frock coats and high silk hats, and cadged on the respectable plan.

And whenever a thing was stolen by Bunk by trick or scheming gullie, Punk spoke up of "vested rights," with a most engaging smile.

Bunk was director in high finance; Punk told of his skill and worth; they kept straight faces in public places, to laugh in the House of Mirth.

Punk and Bunk were respectable men, and they told it o'er and o'er. Bunk controlled the Jockey Club and he started a poolroom war. Punk viewed with alarm the terrible harm that was by gambling done, alack! And Bunk cut all the poolroom wires—so you could only bet at his track!

Bunk owned statesmen far and near; Punk told them what to say; and they talked like Punk and worked for Bunk, and they do unto this day.

And when the doings of Punk and Bunk were shown up without stint, Bunk grew frightened and hid his head, but Punk rushed into print.

How he talked of the muck-rake men and their wild vituperations! "Build up," said Punk, "and don't tear down, respectable reputations!"

All of the folk who fatten with Bunk on the spoils of privileged graft rushed to the defense of fraud and pretense and argued with Punk's own craft.

They rose at the dinners of prosperous men and rail'd at the "happy crew," who follow the ruck and revel in muck like "professional expositors" do.

Meanwhile on a couch that was padded well, the District-Attorney lay, hatching on cigarettes in his sleep in his usual comolent way. Once a week he emitted a shriek, and from the thick smoke bit a chunk, crying, "I'm ready, not halt; but steady!" and kept on smoking Punk.

And all the chippers at Jefferson dinners talked in the same old strain of "Jeffersonian Principles," and were cheered and cheered again. And nobody knew what those principles were and nobody tried to tell, so the words of Punk help the games of Bunk and perhaps it is just as well.

## The Language of the Wink.

PERPLEXED one has footed to Betty's Balm for Lovers with a plea for a deeper understanding of the coy and subtle wink. He wants to know the significance of winks, does this student of winkology.

This science is easy to grasp, if you will but mingle a bit. For instance, the Yellow Dog lopes to Albany. He singles out a statesman and winks. "Some thin don't," translates the statesman, for he is an apt scholar. However, if the Yellow Dog lies moodily in the highway and gets rid of two winks and a blink, the statesman keeps right on talking about "the downtown," "the sovereign people," for he right well knows that somebody has flagged the pay car.

Again: Suppose you are a very rich man and you do violence to the law. A man comes around and says: "Jerome is going to have you indicted and you'd better watch out." He winks at the

conclusion of this speech. He drops his right eyelid, offers you a cigar and says, "Smoke up!" Then you know, don't you? You renew your membership in the "Don't Fret" Club.

But if the same man comes to me—you see, I have been trying to turn an honest penny by doing some crooked work for the rich m— and says: "Jerome is going to send you to Sing Sing," then I buy storage passage to Paris. For I know, don't you? And why? Because the man DIDN'T WINK.

Here are some easy questions for the seeker after the real why, whereas and who of the wink.

1. What do winks mean at Belmont, what does it mean?
2. When a poolroom prince winks at a police captain, how much, and why?
3. When Mr. Platt winks on general principles, where did he get it?
4. When an automobile driver scoots through the streets at forty miles an hour, what is he winking at?
5. (a) Who winks oftener than Henry Rogers? (b) Why is he like the automobile fellow?

### HEART and HOME PAGE for WOMEN

Edited by Nixola Greeley Smith

## IF WOMEN BECAME EXTINCT.

By Nixola Greeley-Smith.



IF the animal woman were to become suddenly extinct and surviving man were to try to reconstruct her mentality from what had been written about her, what a singularly mean and contemptible phantasm would result! Women collectively are so much better than as individuals. Yet it is only our respect for an individual that keeps us from utterly despising the mass.

I am thinking of those remarks by women that have been repeated to me this week and wondering what sort of creature future generations would assume the present day female to have been if like Cuvier they had to devise the whole animal from a few detached vertebrae. "I was calling on some girls the other day," said a man, "and as I left one of them asked me the time. 'All the clocks in the house are stopped,' she explained. 'You know we have a dressmaker in by the day.'"

Fine data for feminine meanness. Now for feminine foolishness.

A member of a discredited branch of a rich New York family wanted to buy a horse and doctored.

Another woman wanted to sell a blue-ribbon winner that she had acquired at the Horse Show a season before. The two ladies having tried to be friendly in the same flat-house were sworn enemies. Nevertheless emissaries were sent from the latter to the former to negotiate the sale. But it was no use.

"Surely," said the seller of the Astorbills indignantly, "she forgets who I am! Do you think an Astorbill would buy a second-hand horse?"

Now, for the third remark cooed ingenuously by one woman to another in discussing an epidemic of marriage that had recently decimated the ranks of their acquaintances.

"When I think of the number of years you've been out and your attractions it seems an awful pity that somebody hasn't snapped you up!"

Each of these speeches would send joy to the pessimistic soul of Schopenhauer himself. We have one woman mean enough to boast of "doing" a poor sewing woman by making her work overtime, and another interesting parvenue declining a "second-hand" horse.

Considering them and a thousand others we must all recall, and the smallness and meanness they exemplify, we can only be thankful that men too have similar small links in their dispositions, yet marvel at the masculine tolerance of woman's amazing meanness.

## BETTY'S BALM FOR LOVERS.

All perplexed young people can obtain expert advice on their tangled love affairs by writing Betty. Letters for her should be addressed to BETTY, Evening World, Post-Office box 1,354, New York.

### He Dances with Her.

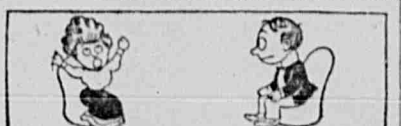
Dear Betty: I AM in love with a young man. He dances with me, but does toward me to go out. I would like him to get acquainted with me very much. Kindly tell me what I can do, and oblige.



### He Seems to Bore Her.

Dear Betty: I AM a young man nineteen years of age. About four months ago I met a young lady at a social to whom I have taken a great liking. I have been to this young lady's home a number of times and have always been well received by her folks. I have taken this young lady to the RINK and other places of amusement and

would do anything to please her. Now, the only thing that troubles me is that



at times she is very pleasant and agreeable towards me, and then again at times she acts as if my company bored her. I would do anything to win this young lady's love.

Talk to her all the time about how pretty she is and how much you admire her and how much other girls envy her and you will never bore her.

### He Is Bow-Legged.

Dear Betty: I AM a young man and have fair features. I would like to keep company with a young lady I know, but she and other girls tell me they don't like me because I am bow-legged, which is a flaw, though my misfortune.

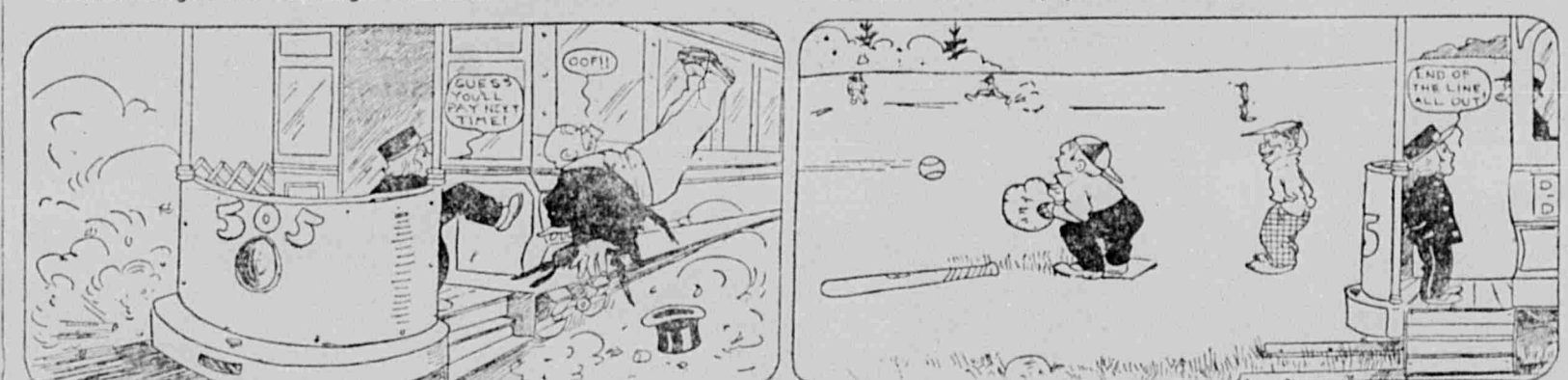


There are patent devices for concealing this defect. You had better adopt one of them.

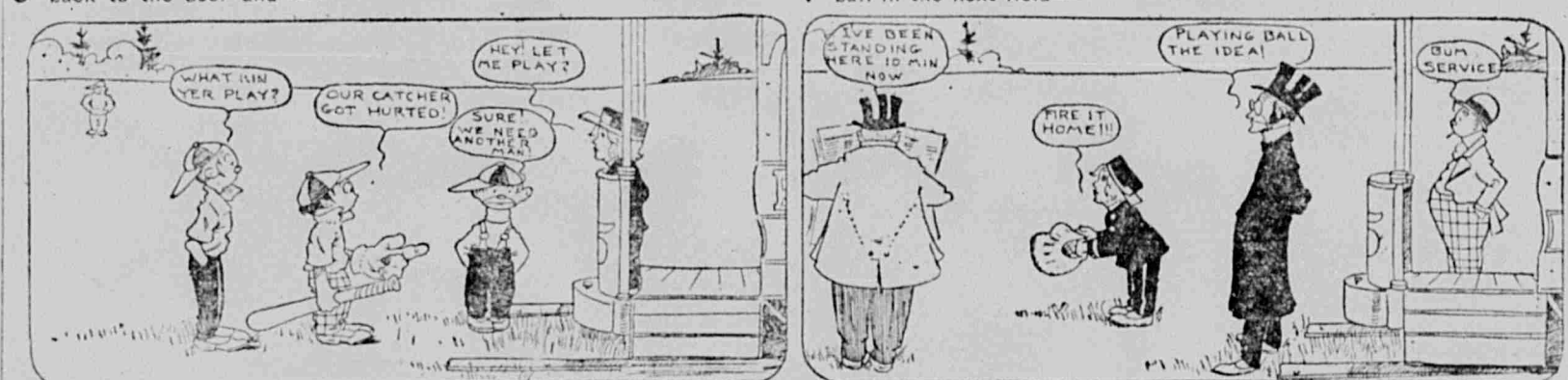
## BUDGER, the "Want-to-Be" Boy—By "Pop"



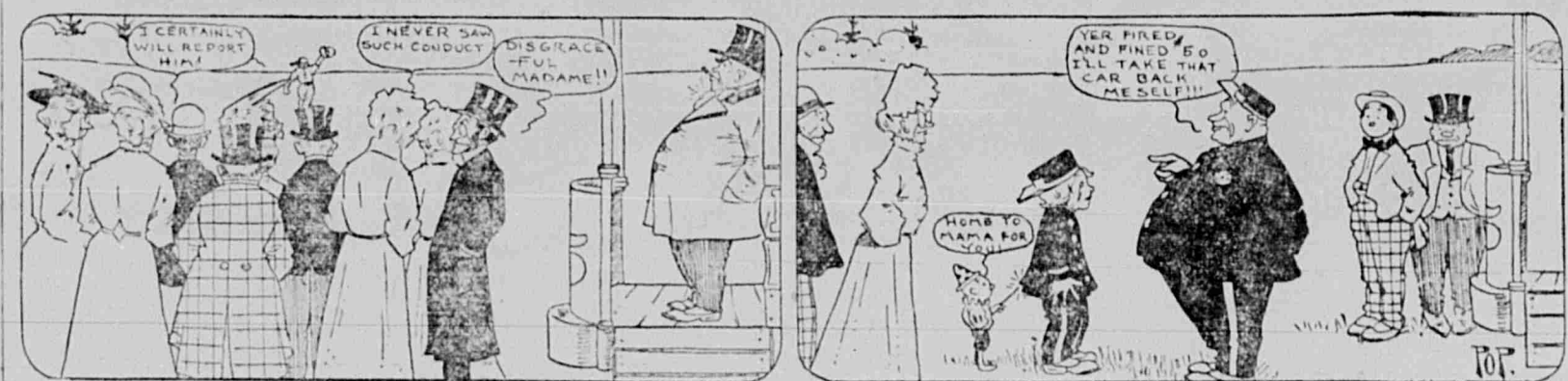
1 Budger saw a lordly car conductor. "That's the job for me!" he cried. "It's yours for the taking," answered Make-Believe. He touched Budger with his magic wand and—



2 suddenly Budger found himself wearing a lovely blue and gold uniform and taking fares. One fresh passenger wouldn't give up a nickel. He said he'd already paid; but Budger—



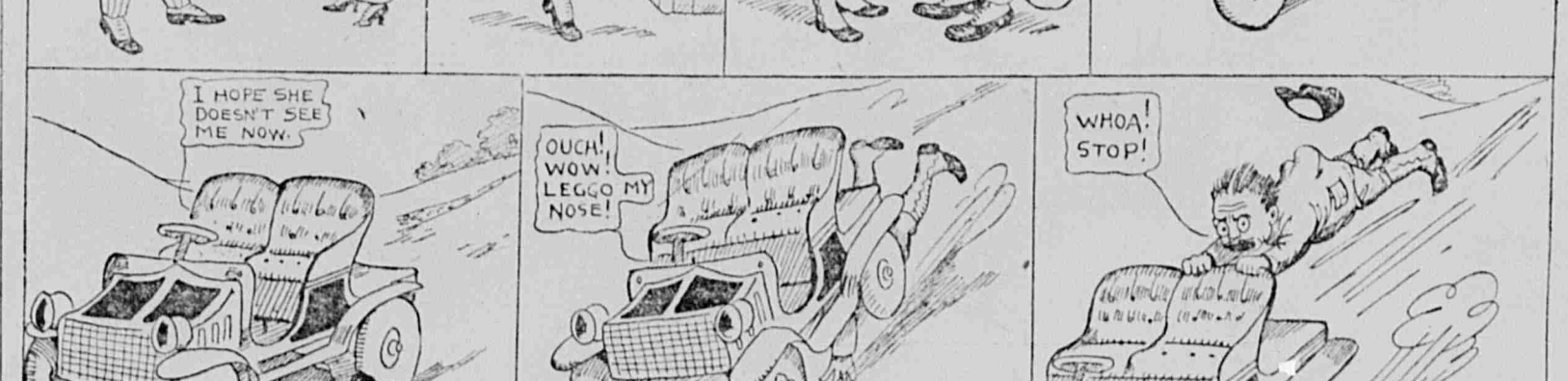
3 snatched him from his seat, rushed him to the door and hurled him off the platform. "It's fine to be a conductor!" he chuckled as he went back to the door and—



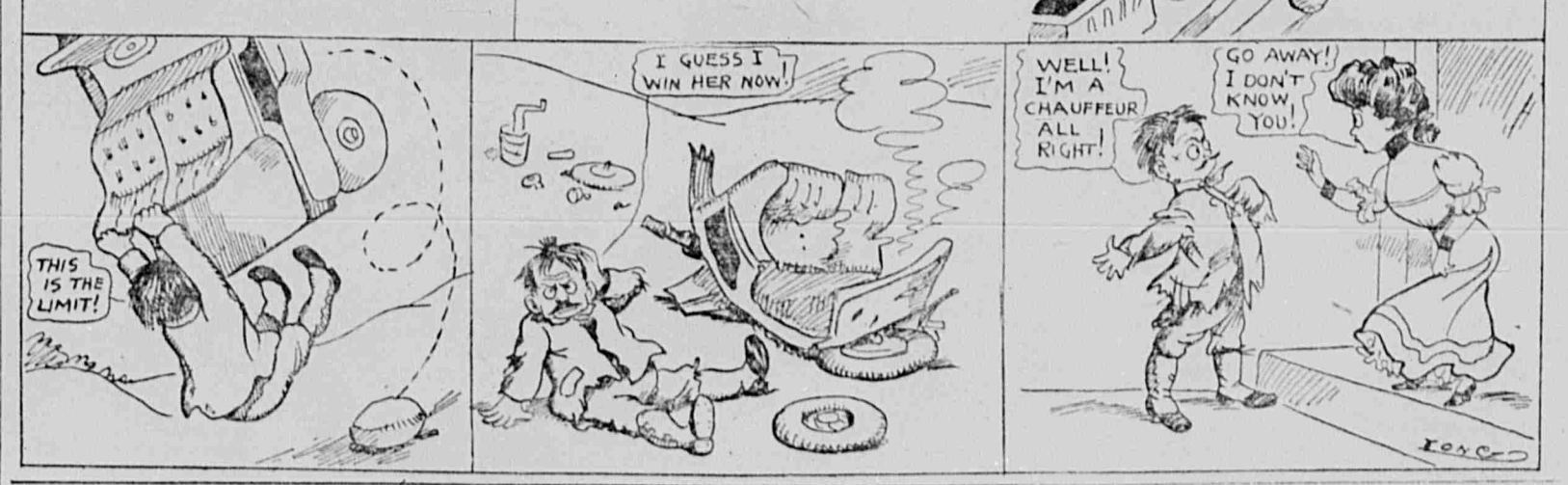
4 and when the catcher sprained two fingers Budger gladly consented to take his place. There'd be plenty of time before the car started back. So he—



5 the conductor was too busy to think of anything so tame as a trolley car. "This is an outrage!" snorted one fat gentleman. "I'll telephone for the Inspector!" He did; and—



6 the Inspector seized upon Budger, threatening him with awful penalties. Budger was giving way to despair when Make-Believe kindly waived him home.



7 the conductor was too busy to think of anything so tame as a trolley car. "This is an outrage!" snorted one fat gentleman. "I'll telephone for the Inspector!" He did; and—



## THE NEW PLAY

"Arms and the Man" Shows Arnold Daly in a New Light.

"Arms and the Man" and Arnold Daly are well met. There's a fight in both of them. Mr. Daly has shown his pluck by standing by his Shaw guns when a less courageous spirit than he might have fled. After the wreck of "John Bull's Other Island" and the moral earthquake caused by "Mrs. Warren's Profession," he is still on his feet. You can't keep a good actor down, particularly if he happens to be Irish—and Daly happens to be both.

"Arms and the Man," at the Lyric, is by far the most interesting of the spring productions, and while it does not offer Mr. Daly as good opportunities as he found in his earlier Shaw ventures, it shows him in a new light. As the Swiss soldier who looks upon war as a trade and who punctures the bub-



Arnold Daly and Crystal Herne, Act I.

ble of glory with blunt directness, he is sturdy as well as whimsical. The titling of matinee women at the sight of Crystal Herne in a nightgown stopped yesterday afternoon when the fugitive Bluntschli, hounded by the shoes of his pursuers, bolted into Raina's bedroom from the Peckoff balcony to which he had climbed. The lights went up on a transformed Daly, dogged and brutal, and determined to save himself even at the cost of a girl's delirium. The scene was admirably played by both Mr. Daly and Miss Herne. The moods of the hero-worshipping Raina and the sleepy, cynical soldier were managed so naturally and so well that the audience was absorbed in the incident.

From that time on, however, the interest flagged. "Arms and the Man" became a battle of winks. The piece was taken in too high a key. Farce was played in too high a key. Farce was played in too high a key. Farce was played in too high a key.

Arnold Daly and Crystal Herne, Act I.

able of glory with blunt directness, he is sturdy as well as whimsical. The titling of matinee women at the sight of Crystal Herne in a nightgown stopped yesterday afternoon when the fugitive Bluntschli, hounded by the shoes of his pursuers, bolted into Raina's bedroom from the Peckoff balcony to which he had climbed. The lights went up on a transformed Daly, dogged and brutal, and determined to save himself even at the cost of a girl's delirium. The scene was admirably played by both Mr. Daly and Miss Herne. The moods of the hero-worshipping Raina and the sleepy, cynical soldier were managed so naturally and so well that the audience was absorbed in the incident.

From that time on, however, the interest flagged. "Arms and the Man" became a battle of winks. The piece was taken in too high a key. Farce was played in too high a key. Farce was played in too high a key.

Arnold Daly and Crystal Herne, Act I.

able of glory with blunt directness, he is sturdy as well as whimsical. The titling of matinee women at the sight of Crystal Herne in a nightgown stopped yesterday afternoon when the fugitive Bluntschli, hounded by the shoes of his pursuers, bolted into Raina's bedroom from the Peckoff balcony to which he had climbed. The lights went up on a transformed Daly, dogged and brutal, and determined to save himself even at the cost of a girl's delirium. The scene was admirably played by both Mr. Daly and Miss Herne. The moods of the hero-worshipping Raina and the sleepy, cynical soldier were managed so naturally and so well that the audience was absorbed in the incident.

From that time on, however, the interest flagged. "Arms and the Man" became a battle of winks. The piece was taken in too high a key. Farce was played in too high a key. Farce was played in too high a key.

Arnold Daly and Crystal Herne, Act I.

able of glory with blunt directness, he is sturdy as well as whimsical. The titling of matinee women at the sight of Crystal Herne in a nightgown stopped yesterday afternoon when the fugitive Bluntschli, hounded by the shoes of his pursuers, bolted into Raina's bedroom from the Peckoff balcony to which he had climbed. The lights went up on a transformed Daly, dogged and brutal, and determined to save himself even at the cost of a girl's delirium. The scene was admirably played by both Mr. Daly and Miss Herne. The moods of the hero-worshipping Raina and the sleepy, cynical soldier were managed so naturally and so well that the audience was absorbed in the incident.

From that time on, however, the interest flagged. "Arms and the Man" became a battle of winks. The piece was taken in too high a key. Farce was played in too high a key. Farce was played in too high a key.

Arnold Daly and Crystal Herne, Act I.

able of glory with blunt directness, he is sturdy as well as whimsical. The titling of matinee women at the sight of Crystal Herne in a nightgown stopped yesterday afternoon when the fugitive Bluntschli, hounded by the shoes of his pursuers, bolted into Raina's bedroom from the Peckoff balcony to which he had climbed. The lights went up on a transformed Daly, dogged and brutal, and determined to save himself even at the cost of a girl's delirium. The scene was admirably played by both Mr. Daly and Miss Herne. The moods of the hero-worshipping Raina and the sleepy, cynical soldier were managed so naturally and so well that the audience was absorbed in the incident.

From that time on, however, the interest flagged. "Arms and the Man" became a battle of winks. The piece was taken in too high a key. Farce was played in too high a key. Farce was played in too high a key.

Arnold Daly and Crystal Herne, Act I.

able of glory with blunt directness, he is sturdy as well as whimsical. The titling of matinee women at the sight of Crystal Herne in a nightgown stopped yesterday afternoon when the fugitive Bluntschli, hounded by the shoes of his pursuers, bolted into Raina's bedroom from the Peckoff balcony to which he had climbed. The lights went up on a transformed Daly, dogged and brutal, and determined to save himself even at the cost of a girl's delirium. The scene was admirably played by both Mr. Daly and Miss Herne. The moods of the hero-worshipping Raina and the sleepy, cynical soldier were managed so naturally and so well that the audience was absorbed in the incident.

From that time on, however, the interest flagged. "Arms and the Man" became a battle of winks. The piece was taken in too high a key. Farce was played in too high a key. Farce was played in too high a key.

Arnold Daly and Crystal Herne, Act I.

able of glory with blunt directness, he is sturdy as well as whimsical. The titling of matinee women at the sight of Crystal Herne in a nightgown stopped yesterday afternoon when the fugitive Bluntschli, hounded by the shoes of his pursuers, bolted into Raina's bedroom from the Peckoff balcony to which he had climbed. The lights went up on a transformed Daly, dogged and brutal, and determined to save himself even at the cost of a girl's delirium. The scene was admirably played by both Mr. Daly and Miss Herne. The moods of the hero-worshipping Raina and the sleepy, cynical soldier were managed so naturally and so well that the audience was absorbed in the incident.

From that time on, however, the interest flagged. "Arms and the Man" became a battle of winks. The piece was taken in too high a key. Farce was played in too high a key. Farce was played in too high a key.

Arnold Daly and Crystal Herne, Act I.

able of glory with blunt directness, he is sturdy as well as whimsical. The titling of matinee women at the sight of Crystal Herne in a nightgown stopped yesterday afternoon when the fugitive Bluntschli, hounded by the shoes of his pursuers, bolted into Raina's bedroom from the Peckoff balcony to which he had climbed. The lights went up on a transformed Daly, dogged and brutal, and determined to save himself even at the cost of a girl's delirium. The scene was admirably played by both Mr. Daly and Miss Herne. The moods of the hero-worshipping Raina and the sleepy, cynical soldier were managed so naturally and so well that the audience was absorbed in the incident.

From that time on, however, the interest flagged. "Arms and the Man" became a battle of winks. The piece was taken in too high a key. Farce was played in too high a key. Farce was played in too high a key.

Arnold Daly and Crystal Herne, Act I.

able of glory with blunt directness, he is sturdy as well as whimsical. The titling of matinee women at the sight of Crystal Herne in a nightgown stopped yesterday afternoon when the fugitive Bluntschli, hounded by the shoes of his pursuers, bolted into Raina's bedroom from the Peckoff balcony to which he had climbed. The lights went up on a transformed Daly, dogged and brutal, and determined to save himself even at the cost of a girl's delirium. The scene was admirably played by both Mr. Daly and Miss Herne. The moods of the hero-worshipping Raina and the sleepy, cynical soldier were managed so naturally and so well that the audience was absorbed in the incident.

From that time on, however, the interest flagged. "Arms and the Man" became a battle of winks. The piece was taken in too high a key. Farce was played in too high a key. Farce was played in too high a key.

Arnold Daly and Crystal Herne, Act I.

able of glory with blunt directness, he is sturdy as well as whimsical. The titling of matinee women at the sight of Crystal Herne in a nightgown stopped yesterday afternoon when the fugitive Bluntschli, hounded by the shoes of his pursuers, bolted into Raina's bedroom from the Peckoff balcony to which he had climbed. The lights went up on a transformed Daly, dogged and brutal, and determined to save himself even at the cost of a girl's delirium. The scene was admirably played by both Mr. Daly and Miss Herne. The moods of the hero-worshipping Raina and the sleepy, cynical soldier were managed so naturally and so well that the audience was absorbed in the incident.

From that time on, however, the interest flagged. "Arms and the Man" became a battle of winks. The piece was taken in too high a key. Farce was played in too high a key. Farce was played in too high a key.

Arnold Daly and Crystal Herne, Act I.

able of glory with blunt directness, he is sturdy as well as whimsical. The titling of matinee women at the sight of Crystal Herne in a nightgown stopped yesterday afternoon when the fugitive Bluntschli, hounded by the shoes of his pursuers, bolted into Raina's bedroom from the Peckoff balcony to which he had climbed. The lights went up on a transformed Daly, dogged and brutal, and determined to save himself even at the cost of a girl's delirium. The scene was admirably played by both Mr. Daly and Miss Herne. The moods of the hero-worshipping Raina and the sleepy, cynical soldier were managed so naturally and so well that the audience was absorbed in the incident.

From that time on, however, the interest flagged. "Arms and the Man" became a battle of winks. The piece was taken in too high a key. Farce was played in too high a key. Farce was played in too high a key.

Arnold Daly and Crystal Herne, Act I.

## "What the Butler Saw"—Nothing!

OF all the things seen this season, "What the Butler Saw" is the worst. It isn't worth seeing.

A general impression that New York has recovered its appetite for farce doubtless explains why the piece at the Garrick was brought over from London. "What the Butler Saw" is guaranteed to give the most hardened theatergoer indigestion. Its authors, Edward A. Parry and Frederick Moult, describe it as "a farcical problem." As a matter of kindness they should cable the answer.

A hopelessly dull set of people infest a hydropathic establishment, but judging by their drive they should be in an insane asylum. One of the patients has become so popular with the female inmates that when his wife arrives he induces her to pose as his sister-in-law. He starts for her room at night, but makes a mistake in the number and gets into the room of an antique spinster, who, aided by her parrot, screams wildly.

Charles Butler shared this thrilling sight with the audience. Miss Maude Knowlton, as the wife, and Miss Helen Ormsby as one of the decoyettes, were bigger sights in tight dresses. Miss Magpie Holloway Fisher was the ancient lady whose rest and parrot were disturbed. Frank Gillmore, James Neill, Dore Davidson and George Le Roy served as part of the masculine background. They might be forgiven for taking something stronger than the water cure for "What the Butler Saw."

CHARLES DARTON.

## May Manton's Daily Fashions.

DAINTY lingerie is always in demand. No woman ever yet possessed too large a supply and none ever yet failed to be fascinated by some new and pretty model. The corset cover illustrated is essentially dainty and shapely, just full enough to allow of wearing under the blouse waist with success, while the separate portion over the hips does away with bulk at that point.

In the illustration it is made of fine muslin with trimming of German Valenciennes lace and embroidery worked onto the material. The design for this last is a simple one, and the time and labor involved are by no means excessive, while the result is far more satisfactory than can be obtained in any other way. There are, however, medallions and applications that can be substituted if better liked. Batiste, both linen and cotton, lawn and all the materials used for garments of the sort are appropriate.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is 15-8 yards, 36 inches wide with 2-3 yards of insertion, 3-4 yards of edging and 3 yards of binding to trim as illustrated.

Pattern 5335 is cut in sizes for 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inch bust measure.

How to Obtain These Patterns

Call or send by mail to THE EVENING WORLD MAY MANTON FASHION BUREAU, No. 21 West Twenty-third street, New York. Send ten cents in coin or stamps for each pattern ordered.

IMPORTANT—Write your name and address plainly, and always specify size wanted.

Corset Cover Pattern No. 5335.

Corset Cover Pattern No. 5335.

Corset Cover Pattern No. 5335.

Corset Cover Pattern No. 5335.

Corset Cover Pattern No. 5335.

Corset Cover Pattern No. 5335.